

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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TRACK SQUAD, 1926

THE WEEK

The customary exhaustion has succeeded the customary Spring vacation. By this time the worst should be over. A full ten days have passed since the official reopening of classes and the vacant seats are nearly all filled once more. The last late-comer is settled again, or at least his bag is unpacked. The editor very wisely decided not to issue this revered publication last week: he reasoned rightly that no subscriber was then possessed of sufficient energy to turn a single page. But sleep has been known to work wonders and now it seems not wildly improbable that there are a few students who can prop one eye open long enough to take in a few of the events of the week.

And a very languid week it has been. Nothing startling except that the lawn is once more visible and the lake looks fluid again. Wednesday's return to normalcy—cold and a little snow—caused the university carpenter to consider putting up the storm doors on the Main Building. Being an optimist, he decided to chance possible blizzards and to use the lumber in constructing a new porch for the Presbytery instead. He is usually right, of course, except when he dismantles the hockey ring a full two months too soon.

There is some sort of lawyers' oratorical contest in process over in what the catalogue calls Hoynes Hall. It is difficult to get anything more than rumors about it. Just when it is definitely announced that the semi-finals will positively be decided on Wednesday night, one of the contestants discovers a previous engagement and the affair is postponed another week. Anyone interested in finding out what lawyers talk about when they orate should take a chance on wandering into the courtroom any night during the next week or so. It is well to be prepared for surprises.

Mild excitement has been aroused in some

circles by the announcement of the Leahy Dante prize. It seems that all you have to do is to write a little essay interpreting Dante and receive by return mail a check for a thousand dollars. There is also a poster contest for those who prefer to interpret Mr. Phillips' new novel via showcard colors. Something For Everybody seems to be the motto.

Student athletic books admitted their owners to a baseball game Wednesday afternoon. Two-bits admitted their possessors to a movie in Washington Hall Wednesday evening. Both were benefit performances, one for Bradley Poly and the other for the Bengal Missions. We do not know how the heathen fared financially: the pleasure of the audience which watched Mr. John Barrymore's transformations from Jekyll to Hyde was not spoiled by the fact that the announcement cards insisted that Jekyll is spelled with a C as well as a K. Someone remarked that you can't fool the Notre Dame man: he knows his Photoplay Magazine.

The Knights of Columbus filled a dull evening with a good meeting. Among the attractions they advertised were Big Business and Father Lahey. There must have been more of the first mentioned than the *Juggler* found for its recent issue. The senior class persists in using its red signs to inflame the minds of bulletin readers. In the present case the effort is being made to so stimulate desire that payments on Ball tickets may be forthcoming before the twentieth. Extracting the cash is always a hard job but if anything can do it, the flaming signs should succeed.

The future is promising indeed, if one can believe what he reads here and there about the campus. "Of course you're going to Europe"—or else to the St. Matthew's Choir dance tonight. It's hard to choose.—J.A.W.

GOLDKETTE TO PLAY FOR BALL

Jean Goldkette's Original Victor Recording Orchestra of Detroit, one of the country's most famous musical organizations, is to play, on May 14 in the Palais Royale, for the Senior Ball of 1926, the outstanding function of the Notre Dame social year.

This is the information given out yesterday by James A. Ronan, general chairman of the Ball committees, after he and Arthur J. Bidwill, chairman of the Music Committee, had been engaged for weeks in the work of selecting an orchestra.

The musicians chosen for the Ball have attained nation-wide prominence by their recording for the Victor Company, by their many engagements throughout the country and especially by their playing at the Roseland Ballroom in New York City, where they created a sensation on the opening night, January 25, 1926, and for two weeks following. So great was their success there that Mayor John W. Smith of Detroit sent them a telegram of congratulation and the *New York Morning Telegraph* said: "Unheralded, without any mannerisms or roaring of the press guns, comes Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra and takes New York by storm." *Billboard* said: "Jean Goldkette's Orchestra has split the Roseland audience into two factions—a dancing element and a mob that just stands and listens agape."

The Goldkette Orchestra is also to play, within the next two months, for the Senior Ball at the University of Pennsylvania, for the Senior Ball at Penn State and for Spring Week at the United States Naval Academy.

LAYNE WINS THEATER PRIZE

Walter H. Layne, dramatic editor of the *Juggler*, and literary editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*, recently won fifth prize in a national inter-collegiate essay contest conducted by the Theater Magazine. College men and women all over the country took part in the competition, open to all undergraduates, to determine the understanding of the theater among the college students of America. Mr.

Layne was the first middle western man to place in the competition.

The play selected by Mr. Layne as the outstanding dramatic success of the past year was *What Price Glory*. Walter Hampden and Eva Le Gallienne were his choice for the best actor and the best actress.

GET WASHINGTON RELIC

Notre Dame University has recently come into the possession of a piece of the Washington Elm under which George Washington took command of the American Army on July 3, 1775. The tree which grew in Cambridge, Mass., close to the main gate of Harvard University, was preserved for many years, but finally died and, as its life could not be restored, the city of Cambridge decided to cut the elm into small blocks 5 1-2X2 1-2 and one inch thick and present them to prominent places in all the states of the Union. A piece was sent to Father Burns, ex-President of Notre Dame, who presented it to the University Library, where it will soon be placed on exhibition.

SENIORS MUST PAY BY TUESDAY

Every Senior who expects to go to the Ball and who wishes to receive a favor must pay at least \$8.00 on his ticket by next Tuesday, April 20, according to John Tuohy, chairman of the Tickets Committee. Though tickets may be bought after next Tuesday, there will be no favors available for the tardy ones. This ruling is positively necessary in order that a favor order of the proper size may be placed at once.

Payments may be made to any of the following: Tuohy or McGinley in Sorin; Haley or Fallon in Corby; Timmins in Walsh; Klein in Badin; Rogge, Day.

The program for Senior Week is rapidly nearing completion and, in all probability, will be announced within the next week or ten days. Attendance at the baseball game with Iowa on Saturday afternoon, May 15, is the only extra-Ball activity so far made known.

FAMOUS SIGNATURES EXHIBITED

Signatures and holograph copies including some of the most famous names in history are on exhibition in the University Library in one of the most remarkable collections in the United States. The signatures are gathered from various sources; most of them however, are the property of the University. Art, science, drama, literature, statesmanship, royalty and ecclesiasticism are represented by the signatures and letters of men famed in these fields.

The field of statesmanship is by far the most largely represented. Under this head appear the names of George Washington, William Gladstone, Prime Minister of England; James G. Blaine, American politician; Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the Catholic signers of the Declaration of Independence; Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the United States and author of the Dred Scott decision; Chester A. Arthur and Grover Cleveland, Presidents of the United States; Eamon de Valera, Irish patriot, whose signature appears to a letter "in loving remembrance of Father William Corby, C.S.C., who gave Absolution to the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg;" Terence MacSwiney, who starved himself to death in the cause of Irish liberty; Schuyler Colfax, vice-president of the United States, and Daniel O'Connell, famous Irish statesman and orator. The names of two great generals of the American Civil War, those of William T. Sherman and Phillip Sheridan, also appear.

Literature is represented by such signatures as Henry W. Longfellow, Father John Bannister Tabb (holograph copy of "Slumber-Song," by courtesy of Dr. John M. Cooney;) Charles A. Dana, famous journalist; John Ruskin, essayist; Thomas Buchanan Read (holograph copy of "Sheridan's Ride;") William Cullen Bryant, Amos Bronson Alcott, philosopher and educator and father of Louisa M. Alcott; Aubrey de Vere and Fitz-Green Halleck, Irish poets; George Bancroft, American historian; William Taylor Adams, "Oliver Optic," and Charles Stewart Parnell, American journalist. Mary Anderson de Naverro, famous American actress, is the only signature appearing in

connection with the dramatic art.

Royalty is represented by Clarence, Duke of Richmond, and later King William IV of England; ecclesiasticism by St. Alphonso Maria de Liguori, founder of the Redemptorist Order and Doctor of the Church; science by General John Newton, who blasted the Hell Gate Channel and was the fourth recipient of the Laetare Medal.

BOOK REVIEW

Logic: Deductive and Inductive, by Rev. Thomas A. Crumley, C.S.C., University of Notre Dame (The Macmillan Company)— Aside from a generally comprehensive treatment of subject matter, there are certain definite qualities which every teacher is pleased to find in a text book. Some of these are a wise selection of the more important problems from the bulky literature on the subject, a well-balanced and orderly development of such problems, a style which, though technical, is still simple enough to be comprehensible by the beginner, brief and clear indications of controverted questions together with a list of apposite readings on them, and, finally, a presentation all along of the practical as well as the theoretical side of the subject. Readers of Father Crumley's book will find that he has admirably introduced these qualities into his text.

The volume follows the traditional division into deductive and inductive logic. Both parts are solidly based upon sound principles of metaphysics, psychology and epistemology. The viewpoint throughout is that of moderate realism. While classifying logic as primarily a science, the author does not fail to point out its artistic aspects. Accordingly, at the end of each chapter, in addition to the list of study questions, there is appended a group of problems and exercises in order that the student may at all times combine practise with theory. Whether from a technical or a doctrinal point of view it is difficult to see how this work could be improved upon. In its particular field it supplies a long felt want, and there can be little doubt that it will soon be widely adopted in our colleges and universities.

PRIZE CONTEST FOR ARTISTS

An interesting prize contest is announced by the Devin-Adair Company of New York City, the publishers of Prof. Charles Phillips' new novel, "The Doctor's Wooing," which is to appear late this month. The contest is for Notre Dame artists exclusively, a cash prize of five dollars being offered for the best original poster design to be used to advertise the book.

The regulations of the contest are few and simple. The poster must be the same size as the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and may be either in black and white or in colors and done on strong poster board. The points to be worked out in the poster may include any of the following: The title, "The Doctor's Wooing;" the name of the author, Charles Phillips; the name of the publisher, The Devin-Adair Company, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York; the character of the story—a romance of love and adventure with its scene set in the North Wisconsin woods; and the chief personages of the tale—"Rhoda" a young Polish girl, petite and black-eyed, the daughter of a political exile who has taken refuge in America; "Dr. Ben," her sturdy American lover; "Dave," his scapegrace rival; "Pete," a wild rough-neck of the lumbercamp who is "tamed" by Rhoda; and "Kruger," the old mill owner between whom and Rhoda's father a feud exists that makes the foundation of the plot. A pine tree and a log cabin are the special background features to be emphasized in the design.

The story is described in the publisher's announcement as "full of dramatic action and punch, inspired with the sort of uplifting heroism that grows out of deep moral crises, and infused with a thrill of adventure and a warmth of pure romance that has not been equalled since the publication of Hemond's 'Maria Chapdelaine'." While in no way resembling the famous Canadian classic, "The Doctor's Wooing" is, according to the opinion of the publishers, the first American novel to appear since "Maria Chapdelaine" which promises to rival that story in popularity. To justify their confidence in the book, the publishers have already contracted

to put an edition of 25,000 copies on the market, the largest first edition of a novel ever contracted for in the history of American publishing.

Among the stirring scenes in the novel are, the murder of the Russian Cossack by the Polish patriot; the night attack of the mill workers' mob on Rhoda's cabin, when an attempt is made to lynch Pete, the strike-breaker, whose life Rhoda saves; Dr. Ben's struggle in the broken ice with his drowning rival; the storm in the forest, when Rhoda sees the ghost of her father appear in the lightning; Rhoda's farewell to her father's grave in the snow; the fight over Rhoda between Pete and Dave; Pete's drunken face at Rhoda's window in the night; Dr. Ben's soul-wrenching fight against the temptation to poison Dave, his rival and patient.

Posters must be turned in before Wednesday, April 28. All drawings are to be left at the University news stand, Main Building, which is open in the morning from 6:30 to 7:45, and in the afternoon from 12:15 to 1:00 and between 4:30 to 7:00. The award will be announced in the SCHOLASTIC of Friday, May 7. The judges will be the publishers.

Besides the cash prize, autographed copies of the novel will be awarded to all competing artists whose posters, or the ideas of whose posters, are judged useful. An exhibit of the posters in New York City is planned.

COMMENCEMENT PLANNED

The Committee on the Commencement, of which Rev. George Finnigan, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, is chairman, has already begun planning for the annual event. As usual, the program will last for three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of the second week in June. The complete program will be published later.

The Rt. Rev. W. D. Turner, Bishop of Buffalo, will be the baccalaureate speaker, and Professor D. G. Wooten of the College of Law will make the commencement address. On Sunday morning, a solemn pontifical Mass will be celebrated by Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne.

CLASS HONORS BESTOWED

Honors for the class of 1926 have been bestowed upon Victor F. Lemmer, A.B., '26, who will be the class orator; Dennis J. O'Neill, A.B., '26, who will be the class poet, and Paul J. Harrington, C.E., '26, who will be the valedictorian. The oration, the poem and the valedictory will be given in Washington Hall, Saturday morning, June 12.

Mr. Lemmer is president of the Glee Club, and a member of the Debating Team. Dennis O'Neill, as the editor of the *Dome* of 1925 and of *Pan* and a contributor of numerous poems to various publications, holds a premier position as a campus poet. Mr. Harrington's high scholastic standing, coupled with his many activities, such as editor of the *Catalyzer*, president of the Engineering Club, captain of the Track Team, indoor intercollegiate pole vault champion, and campus writer, amply qualifies him for the valedictory honor.

DOCTOR HEATH HONORED

Dr. Edgar Ruthven Heath, honorary LL.D., '19, has been awarded a medal by the Bolivian government and made a member of the Order of the Condor of the Andes, a new honor, and the highest that this government can give. Dr. Heath is the first American to receive it. During the late seventies a railway surgeon in Bolivia, he explored in 1880-82 the interior of the country, discovering several rivers by means of which communication was established between Lapaz, the capital of Bolivia, and the lowlands of the interior. The commercial importance of the country was greatly increased by this new means of transportation.

From 1882 until 1921, Dr. Heath, who is now 86, practiced medicine in Kansas City, where he also acted as Bolivian consul and as the representative of other South American countries. He became well known as a naturalist while in South America, and it was in recognition of his services as a naturalist, an explorer, and a surgeon that the University conferred upon him an honorary Doctor of Laws degree in 1919.

ROWLEYS GIVE MEMORIALS

In memory of their son Edwin Rowley, who was killed by an automobile here last November, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley of San Antonio, Texas, have made provision for the installation of a memorial window in the new chapel of Morrissey Hall, a similar window for the chapel in Holy Cross seminary and a ciborium to be used in the Sacred Heart Church. Mr. and Mrs. Rowley have already established a scholarship.

REPRESENTED AT CONVENTION

The thirteenth annual conference of the National Association of Alumni Secretaries, and the Alumni Magazine Association will be held Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of this week at Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. Notre Dame will be represented by James E. Armstrong, '25, secretary of the Notre Dame Alumni Association. No other Catholic university is a member of either of these associations.

The conference will be addressed by several prominent speakers, including Dr. Clarence Cook Little, President of the University of Michigan, and Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College. Two of the most important of present day university problems will be discussed when Dr. John Wilce, Coach at Ohio State, and Coach Hugo Bezdek of Penn State speak on the relation of alumni associations to football coaches, and when Major John L. Griffith of the Western Conference, and Mr. J. T. Blossom, Graduate Director of Athletics at Yale, discuss whether or not professional football is a menace.

On Saturday afternoon those who attend the conference will have a choice between seeing the Ohio Relays at Columbus, or going by auto to Ohio Wesleyan University.

CAMPUS EMPLOYMENT

Students desiring campus employment for next year may obtain applications from Father McBride at the Registrar's office, the last of this month. During the first week in May, applications may be had for campus positions during the summer session.

K. OF C. FORMAL APRIL 23

Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, will hold its Annual Spring Formal on Friday, April 23 in the Knights of Columbus Home in South Bend. Harry Denny's Collegians will furnish the music. The K. of C. Formal of last season was one of the biggest affairs of the University social season, and the one this year promises to be even better.

The girls from St. Mary's College have been given special permission to attend, and already Main 1594 has had an intensive workout.

Each member of Notre Dame Council has the privilege of inviting one guest (at two dollars per). Any other member of the Order, outside of Notre Dame Council is cordially invited to attend. Tickets are being handled by Bob Irmiger, Financial Secretary, 123 Corby Hall.

The meeting last Tuesday April 13 was highly successful. The following were elected to attend the state convention, to be held at Logansport on May 21: Grand Knight Arthur J. Bidwill and Financial Secretary Robert Irmiger. Alternates: Michael E. Murray and James A. Ronan. All details concerning the dance were finally decided, and the coming Council picnic was further discussed. Father Thomas Lahey gave a very interesting address, which was well received by the large crowd in attendance. Cake and ice cream completed the evening.

The first week in May was announced as the time for the annual spring initiation.

ROOM RESERVATION NEXT WEEK

Reservation of rooms for next year will be held next week at the Registrar's office. The present Juniors may reserve on Monday, the Sophomores on Tuesday and Wednesday and the Freshmen on Thursday and Friday. The numbers have already been drawn, and the lists showing the order in which the names were drawn will be placed upon the large bulletin board just outside the door of the Registrar's office. The lists will not appear on any other board. Reservation of Junior rooms will begin at eight o'clock, Monday morning. The students are to ap-

pear at the office in the order in which their names appear upon the lists. The new system obviates the class meetings for the drawing of rooms.

Juniors will be eligible for Sorin, Corby, Badin, Walsh, Morrissey, and Lyons; the Sophomores will be eligible for those rooms not reserved by the Juniors; and the Freshmen will be eligible for all of Sophomore Hall, and such of the rooms as are left in the other halls.

WENDLAND IS MARRIED

John Wendland, instructor in Politics at the University, and Miss Dora Calvert of Portland, Oregon, were united in marriage at Notre Dame, Wednesday morning, April 7. Rev. John O'Hara, Prefect of Religion at the University, officiated.

Mr. Wendland is assistant track coach here, former captain of the cross-country team, and an I. A. C. distance runner. Knute Rockne, coach of the Notre Dame football teams, acted as best man, and Miss Marie Williams of South Bend was bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Wendland will make their home in the Morningside apartments in South Bend.

MEET WASHINGTON STATE HERE

The Notre Dame negative debating team will clash with Washington State's affirmative at eight o'clock this evening in Washington Hall. This debate will be unusual in that each side will have only two speakers each speaking fifteen minutes in constructive argument and six minutes in rebuttal. The Washington State team is touring the country. It is composed of two men who have both participated in intercollegiate debating for three years. This fact does not daunt the Notre Dame debaters who believe that, after defeating Creighton University, they are prepared to cope with the mightiest. Notre Dame will be represented by James Roy and William Coyne. The question will be practically the same as that in former debates this year, "Resolved, that the Constitution should be amended to give Congress the power to control child labor."

BRADLEY TAKES HOME OPENER

Notre Dame was left cold on the short end of a 6 to 4 score in the opening bill on Cartier Field Wednesday afternoon by Bradley Poly after nine shivering innings of ball. Ability to bunch hits, aided and abetted by ragged infield work on the part of Notre Dame, accounted for the early lead taken by the visitors which proved too great for the Blue and Gold to overcome.

The Irish took the fore in the first inning as Moore inaugurated the scoring having been forced in when Thompson, Bradley's pitching choice, walked three men in succession. This advantage was soon lost however for the invaders pounded Besten at the start of the next inning with the result that three runs were annexed. They continued the work in the third and collected two more scorers. Notre Dame retaliated in their half of the same inning with Farrell and Silver pounding out good hits through third and coming home when Pearson lifted a high fly to right field. From that time on the clubs fought on more even terms, the additional scoring coming for both teams in the eighth frame.

Young Ed Walsh made his debut to local diamond fans in the third when he took the mound to relieve Besten, who had been hard hit in the opening brackets. In the four innings that he served Walsh managed to turn back six opposing batsmen via the strike-out route, making a clean sweep of them in the eighth. At this point Coach Keegan sent in Ronay to continue the work.

The cool gales streaking over the field made playing especially difficult. The weather was better adapted for football and judging from the manner in which both teams booted the ball around the diamond at times this idea finds its justification.

The work of De Cremen with six assists and three putouts to his credit was the high light in the afternoon's performance. This second sacker snatched in some hot ones in admirable style.

Sullivan contributed to the matinee's attractions when he scooped up a hot one that looked good for a single through pitcher's box and nipped the runner off at first.

Crowley followed suit when he stopped a line drive to his right in good style.

BOX SCORE

BRADLEY POLY	AB	R	H	P	A
Dixon, lf.	4	0	2	3	0
Carlson, 3b.	5	0	1	4	0
Bland, cf.	4	1	2	2	0
Gengrich, 1b.	3	0	1	8	0
Ratkovich, c.	5	0	0	3	1
DeCremen, 2b.	5	2	0	3	6
Duke, ss.	4	0	0	3	2
Smith, rf.	4	2	2	1	0
Thompson, p.	2	1	0	0	2
Totals	33	6	8	27	11
NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	P	A
McCleary, ss.	3	1	0	2	2
Moore, 1b.	4	1	1	8	9
Farrell, lf.	4	1	1	2	0
Silver, c.	4	1	1	9	0
O'Boyle, cf.	3	0	1	2	0
Sullivan, 2b.	4	0	0	1	2
Pearson, 3b.	4	0	1	1	4
Crowley, rf.	4	0	0	3	0
Besten, p.	1	0	0	0	1
Walsh, p.	1	0	0	1	1
Ronay, p.	2	0	0	1	0
*Smith	1	0	1	0	0
**McGee	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	4	6	27	10

*Hit for Pearson in ninth.

**Hit for Crowley in ninth.

Bradley Poly	0 3 2	0 0 0	0 1 0	—6
Notre Dame	1 0 2	0 0 0	0 1 0	—4

Errors—Carlson, Gengrich, McCleary 3, Pearson 2.

Hits—Off Thompson, 5; Off Besten, 3; Walsh, 2 in 4; Ronay 2 in 2 innings.

Struck out—By Thompson, 3; By Besten 2; By Walsh, 6; By Ronay, 1.

Bases on Balls—Off Thompson 7; Besten 5; Walsh 1.

Hit by Pitcher—By Thompson (Walsh).

Stolen Bases—Swith; Gengrich.

Two Base Hits—Bland, Farrell, Gengrich.

Umpire—Con Dailey.

Mark Nevils, Badin Hall Business Manager of the *Dome*, and Joe McNamara, Sophomore Hall, Sports Editor of the SCHOLASTIC, are now connected with the athletic publicity department of the University, recently organized under the leadership of Bert V. Dunne.

IT'S A GOOD EXPERIENCE

Because it was white and all wet, the vacation did not seem seven years and seven quarantines in length to the stay-at-homes. The weather made an earnest attempt to put the Notre Dame remnants in a snow-bound condition but it couldn't keep the element of interest out of the vacation.

A number of the local boys earned their beef and beans by "hashing" in the refectory. Others worked in town. The Gym got a lot of use and radios were going day and night. Seniors who "stayed around" (that's the way to say it, if ever you fail to leave the campus during a vacation) to "write the thesis" found, in many cases, that solitude itself is not sufficient for doing a thesis. Many theses would have been written between Maundy Thursday and Easter had they been due Easter Monday morn. Somehow or other, senior pens would not write during vacation.

There was church going aplenty. Wednesday night, Thursday morning, Thursday night, Friday morning, Friday afternoon, Friday night, Saturday morning and the Sunday mass. After the Sunday mass it was, whatever you will. Some, a few, willed it Chicago. Almost all the others willed it Notre Dame. The clergy did most of the traveling. It was said that there were fifty-five appointments for Easter Sunday. Notre Dame priests were all over northern Indiana and southern Michigan assisting at the Easter services.

Mail was obtainable at the post office. Boxes, while welcome, did not contain their usual thrill. It's funny how a "box" will lose much of its what-you-may-call-'em when everyone is gone. In speaking of eats let it be said that the caf was merely a shadow of its former self. In number of patrons there is strength and the caf was anemic during the seven days. After the eight o'clock mass on Easter there was a ghost of a line but it was soon fed and the line was dissolved.

The change of bills at the Palace was without its Notre Dame element. There were only a few each night on the mezzanine floor of the LaSalle. And from Jefferson street

to LaSalle along Michigan—on either side—you could walk and have no occasion to say, "Lo, fellows." The Palais had some trade. Also, it had a couple of invitation dances. Two evenings shot to wherever all good evenings go when they are shot.

But no one growled or scowled. While you were leaving the nomadic instinct was stirred but once you were gone everyone settled down to finding something that would pass the time without savoring of pursuits academic. The stay-here's will tell you that it's a good experience to stay here for a vacation. Next year, those who remained this vacation will see to it that they spend their Easter vacation out of the sight of South Bend. When you're gone—finish the sentence yourself!

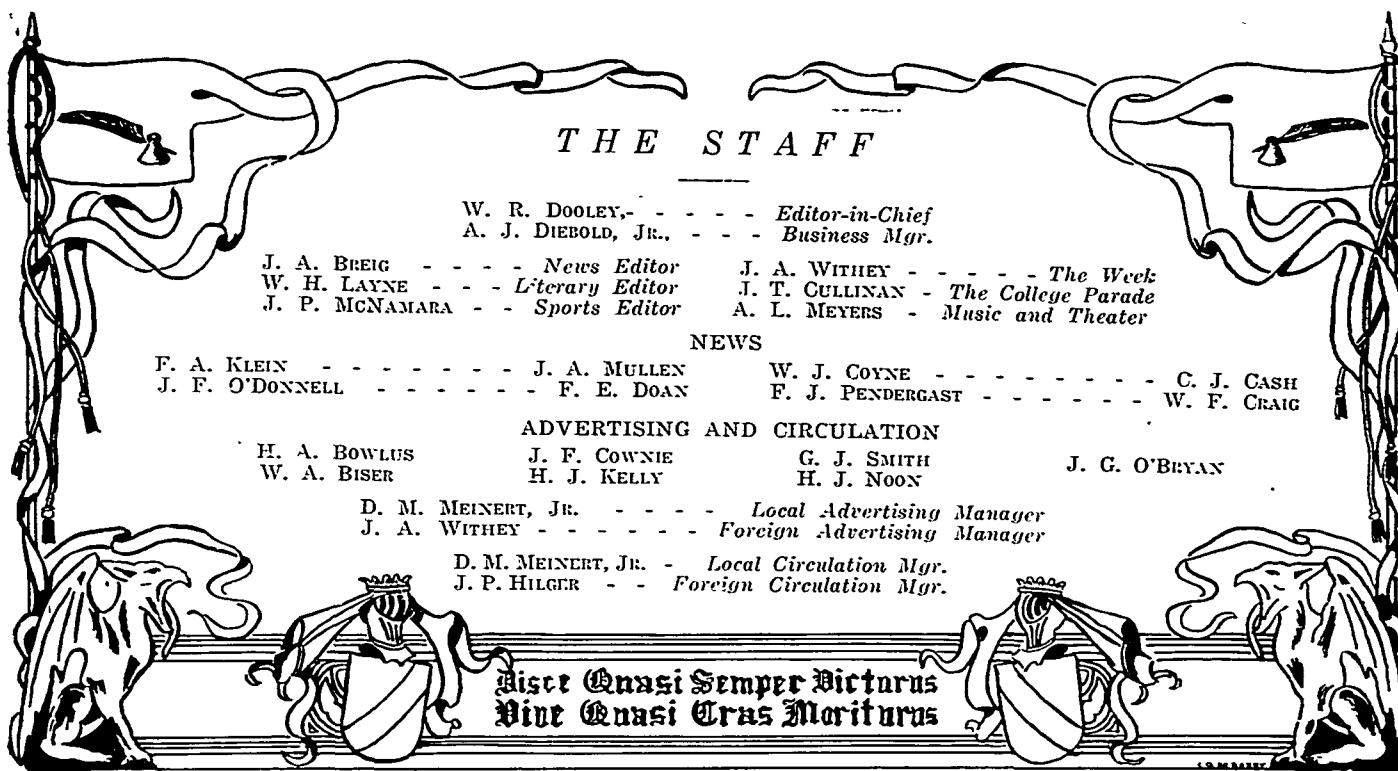
UNIVERSAL NOTRE DAME NIGHT

Local Notre Dame alumni clubs all over the country will observe the third annual Universal Notre Dame night next Wednesday with banquets and other forms of celebration. Those places which have not as yet organized clubs will also have gatherings at which plans for organization may be laid.

Following the advice of the Alumni Board, the local clubs are at present considering three problems of importance. They are: the donation of local alumni club scholarships to the University; the organization of a placement bureau for the purpose of listing employment for graduates and undergraduates of the University; and the formation of local alumni publicity committees in order to secure publicity for themselves and for the University. Almost all other universities have already well developed organizations of these kinds; the Alumni Board does not want Notre Dame to fall behind in this regard.

In order to allow for the printing of the story of this year's Universal Notre Dame night, the *Alumnus* will not be published until the later part of the month.

Many a man has lost his way while on the way home.—E.A.F.



NOTRE DAME AND PRINTER'S INK

The wide-spread publicity attendant upon Notre Dame's athletic superiority gave rise to the impression that the University was primarily a football school. This erroneous idea was generously helped along by those misguided boosters who gave out news-items, usually founded on the airiest of facts, in all directions.

The harm coming from this free-lance advertising was soon perceived. Steps taken to combat it resulted in the establishment of an authorized News Bureau. This department effectively stifled the obnoxious practise by giving out true statements of Notre Dame's activities.

But it was not enough merely to say that Notre Dame was not overwhelmingly athletic. Proof was needed. That has been supplied in generous measure in the past year. The singers, debaters, writers and other campus artists bestirred themselves to down the insidious charge of "lowbrow." And they succeeded.

The writers, however, by the nature of their product, have done the more lasting work. Printer's ink has flowed without let. It is safe to say that more of it has been splashed during the past year at Notre Dame than in many preceding years combined. McCready Huston, recognized short-story writer, led off with *Huling's Quest*;

Coach Rockne produced *Coaching* and *The Four Winners*; Father Miltner came forth with a solid philosophical volume in *The Elements of Ethics*; Father Crumley was not far behind him with his *Logic: Inductive and Deductive*; Doctor Cooney, Director of the School of Journalism, joined the elect with *Hills of Rest*. And now comes the announcement that Professor Phillips' *The Doctor's Wooing*, will be out the end of the month.

This array of published works should convince the most skeptical that Notre Dame is far from being totally athletic; that she houses under her golden dome intellect as well as brawn. This is advertising of another sort,—the kind most needed to balance the far-flung athletic publicity. The "little drop of ink" is not unknown at Notre Dame; let us hope it expands till it becomes as recognized a part of the University's name as football.

Previous publications and previous editorial staffs have used much space and considerable energy in the attempt to convince Notre Dame students that tender blades of grass do not thrive under the press of manly shoes. Seemingly, their work has been in vain. Students still insist on pressing the tender blade of grass and, consequently, they insist on partially ruining a beautiful campus. They are foolish.

The Bubble of Gold

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER, '27

OLD Man Bradford fixed his gaze on a half-grown maple tree that nodded in the summy atmosphere without the casement. Though it was nearing the middle of June not one of the spacious windows of his study was open: he was intolerant of fresh air and he fled sunshine as a mole flees it.

Age, it seems, had chastened rather than mellowed his susceptibilities. Day in and day out he hugged the recesses of his book-festered study in the east wing of the old Bradford House, scarcely even aware that a world outside sang any songs or cried any tears. He was completely oblivious to outside influences, choosing rather to bear himself in melancholy seclusion among the rows of massive volumes, many of them bound in calf or grey sheepskin; he chose rather to pace up and down the narrow limits of the cases, fingering rich oriental manuscripts, illuminated tomes, priceless paleographs.

But the maple diswrought him that June afternoon. He experienced a tugging at heart, something in the fashion of a longing for the open woods . . . for the illimitable pasturages of peace and God-sanctioned happiness. For perhaps twenty minutes he sat there supine, gazing at the flexing maple, his wan pale face engrossed in the sublimity of contemplation. Suddenly, without warning, a strange smile played along the corners of his mouth. He got up from the deep leather chair and threw open the window, taking long, deep gulps from the influxing, fragrant breath of summer that pell-melled in upon him, clarifying in an instant the dust-trammeled drowsiness of the old man's castle.

Some wrongs are expiable through very simple means. The wrong that Old Man Bradford had committed was not one of these. In his youth and early married life he had been so much engrossed in accumulating money and the things of the world

that he neglected the finer, more perfect rewards of temporal existence.

II.

He permitted his three children to go their ways without restraint nor fatherly prediction. Alice was three, Dick nearing five and Mary eight when Sonia Bradford passed away. Her demise distracted him but for a moment from the pursuit of the bubble of gold; he had paused for a bitter instant in a vain and maddening effort to comprehend his loss, and finding it beyond him . . . O so much beyond him! . . . he shrugged his shoulders, went back to making money, and hired a governess and tutor for the children. They scarcely saw him: he hardly ever took his meals at home. Only the cries of lonely childhood molested the bleak silence of the rambling old mansion at the end of Pike street. One by one the children had married and slipped away. He hardly relinquished his method of living for anything. The marriage of Mary affected him just a little, Dick's elopement with Martha Hayden unsettled him still less, and Alice's affair with a New York cubist-painter did not seem to rouse him at all. So just as he had given them so little attention or companionship during childhood and youth, so they estranged themselves from his life. Letters became infrequent and inconsequential.

Finally the surge of the World War had precipitated him into an unprecedented era of business prosperity and had left him at the end a preposterously rich and lonely man with no particular hobby, whose very children cared for him so very little, who wandered forlornly through his rich, bizarre house with the uncertainty of one emerging from a deep, drug-imposed slumber, giddy by the sudden transition from rapture to reality.

Knowing he ought to have something to occupy his time, and tiring of the business mart, he took up book collecting. No liter-

ary auctioneer in New York was unfamiliar to him nor himself to them. He became an omnipresent figure at the public disposals of great, precious libraries, during those dull post war years that saw the tumbling down of so many illy begotten fortunes.

As the years progressed he grew more senile and infirm. He withdrew into his house and more particularly into his study where reposed in obedient solitude his treasures, the treasures wherein he hoped to find instilled, like living water, the formless end of everything.

The seasons, both inclement and delightful, found him much the same. The shades were rarely lifted, the windows scarcely ever were opened. Thus he remained, frightfully encased in his prison, until the day I have mentioned romped along and the maple tree—that had gone unobserved for so many years—broke the hallucination of his prejudice.

Not satisfied with the air flowing in his window he almost bounded with youthful agility out the side door into the meadow.

He was literally intoxicated with the new-unearthed vintage of nature. Hatless he wandered along, through groves of stubble oaks and second-growth hickory, heavy laden with dusty foliage. The leaves rubbed and caressed his crinkled face; thorns scratched his hand till the blood came. He laughed at the scarlet splotch and went on and on. Over Boots brook, where the mauve and pink pebbles scintillate in the afternoon sun, where the minnows and sun fish disport in the translucent pools, where the lily-weeds flush their bosoms in the warm flood and give birth to fragrant, colorful blossoms.

All the eloquent aspects of the green and exultant world seemed suddenly manifest to him who had gone long living without this bread and wine of God.

III.

Not until dusk did he retrace to the shrouded house. His high-ceilinged, sombre bed chamber, his rich silk-softened bed smothered him and chilled him to the soul; the pictures and paintings on the wall glared at him with singular animosity. Things seemed cascading down on all sides with the colossalness of a catastrophe. He lit all the candles in a vain attempt to dispel the gloom: candles in gold sticks and solid silver holders, candles ornamented with multi-colored waxes by masters of the art. Yet they leered at him like great molten eyes, warmed with the heat of a fury.

Ruthlessly he tossed in his bed, and writhed among the coverlets. By degrees, though, he became still and silent. At last he fell asleep.

In the morning when his man-servant came in to awake him, the man was amazed, Rows and rows of priceless candles had been burned to their very butts, others sagged despairingly from their holders where the wind from an open window had blown them prematurely out. A single candle, set in a gold candle-stick on the table, yet had flame. It, too, sputtered out as the man-servant observed it. The man approached the bed and touched Old Man Bradford's forehead as if to awake him; then he suspiciously felt his wrist. The lackey pursed his lips and slowly drew the coverlet up, covering the old man's face.

OBSERVATION

I saw them smearing girders
With red lead
To make them rust-proof for service
—Not just red.

I saw women's lips flash gaudy
With paint fed.
I wondered, insured for service
—Or just red. —JOHN O'NEILL, '28

Indiana Weather

G. H. DOLMAGE, '26

ATHEISTS say that there is no God. In seeking to show that God does not exist, they attack the proofs we have prepared for the existence of a Supreme Being. It seems to me, however, as if the Atheists have overlooked one argument for their position, an argument which some might find it difficult to refute. Let an Atheist take his geography and open it to a map of the United States. Let him point to the state bounded on the north by Michigan, on the south by Kentucky, on the east by Ohio, and on the west by Illinois. This state, known as Indiana, should furnish the Atheist with material sufficient for numerous arguments against the existence of God. "Surely," they might say, "a God would not create a state such as Indiana." I should find it difficult to refute this, were it not for the fact that I know God often mixes the evil with the good to make us realize all the more the value of the good. Just what is wrong with Indiana? Many things, as is the case with every state. Yet Indiana has one curse which stands out above all the others—its weather.

In the first place, Indiana is novel in the sense that it has only two seasons of the year, and not four, as in the case of the other states. In Indiana, winter follows summer, and summer follows winter. Spring and autumn are conspicuous by their absence. Fortunately I have never had the experience of being in Indiana during the entire season, but summer, I should imagine, begins about the first of June and ends sometime before the following January. Following summer comes winter, the capricious season, as full of whims as a spoiled child. In Indiana, almost anything may occur in winter, that is, almost anything of a disagreeable nature.

For one thing, snow falls in winter. It

may fall heavily, or it may fall lightly. It may come straight down from the clouds, or again it may be driven at an angle by a biting wind. It may fall during the night, or it may fall during both the day and the night. Let us sum this up in two words. Snow falls.

Then, in Indiana, it rains. I wonder whether Charles W. Cadman was a resident of Indiana when he wrote "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water." Perhaps not, since a blue sky would have been a rare spectacle for him. Rain and snow each manage to occupy the stage for about the same number of days in winter. The change from the one to the other is sudden. It is wise to always have a raincoat and an overcoat at hand. If one is not prepared, he may find himself face to face with a snowstorm, while clad in a coat of rubber. Quick changes of coats are often necessary, and Indiana residents are the original quick-change artists.

It is a difficult matter to forecast Indiana weather. A fairly safe rule to follow is this, predict the contrary to what the weather should be. If a pleasant day is expected, play safe and predict an unpleasant one. Then again, one good day does not follow another. It is safe to say that if to-day has been pleasant, to-morrow will be disagreeable. But if to-day has been unpleasant, it does not follow that to-morrow will be the contrary.

Indiana weather, then, is one of the evils of life, although perhaps a necessary one. It makes a non-resident realize just how fortunate he really is. It takes the bad to make one understand just what the good is. Perhaps God had this in mind when He created Indiana and its weather. No state is perfect, I must admit. Each has its faults. Yet after all has been said, I thank God that I am a senior.

"And A Little Child Shall Lead Him"

F. K. BOYLE

IT was Christmas Eve. Peter Johannson, sexton of a down-town church in a large city, was busily occupied putting the final touches to the Crib; particularly, in adjusting (at the correct angle) the Infant's likeness, lying on the humble straw-couch of the manger.

While thus occupied, two large brown eyes stealthily peered over a distant pew and an anxious heart was beating rapidly in a tiny breast, until that dreaded sexton should retire from the hallowed scene. Little Angela Demaria had not yet reached the age of reason, which will account for the strange and questionable act she was about to perpetuate.

An unfledged robber, lurking in a dark retreat! An angelic kidnapper about to achieve a dauntless deed. The Infant-outcast, shivering on a bed of cold straw, must be hers at any price; and, this very night, she would share with it the warmth and comfort of her own little crib at home. Yea, she had even procured a small red sweater, which would serve to protect the purloined child from wintry blasts on her hasty retreat home.

The sexton gone, she gained the altar-rail; and then, on tip-toe, entered the Crib. Next moment, she carefully lifted the Babe and tightly clasped it against her tiny shoulders. Now, with her prize seemingly secure, she began a speedy retreat for home and mother, bearing away the most treasured captive ever abducted by human hands.

Alas for the plans of mice and men! The excited sacristan suddenly appeared confronting the child and retrieved what would have left the church without the most important image for the Crib on this holy and blessed Christmas. An imploring protest, accompanied with salted tears, a faint struggle, punctuated with cries for her 'bambino,' and the usual prevailing of might over right. Angelina was then led back to the Crib and

the Infant statue replaced on its bed of straw.

Signorina Demaria, however, would not be so easily foiled. She was steadfast in her chivalric intention and strongly averred the bambino to be hers. Furthermore, she asserted how pleased her mamma would be to adopt it.

The benign pastor was duly informed of the attempted 'burglary' by the indignant discoverer. The latter was more than astonished to hear the words which laconically dropped from the smiling lips of the good priest: "Let her have the image. I'll send for another to replace it right away."

The spiritual director of this polyglot assembly possessed the ability of transforming mountains into mole-hills, as regards a troublesome situation. Thinking that the affair had been diplomatically and amicably settled he entered the church with Angelina to offer up a prayer. Suddenly they encountered Michael Donnelly, a veteran parishioner, who was well advanced in years and possessed a child-like fancy for the Infant Crib and its surroundings. In some unknown manner the leg on one of the plaster animals had been broken and, in order not to have it detract from the rest of the scene, the pastor had not placed the animal in its customary setting. Michael was considerably concerned when he noticed the absence of the ass and took this opportunity to question the priest about the disappearance of the figure, not knowing that a new model had been ordered. Touching the priest gently on the sleeve, he confidently whispered: "The donkey was the finest animal in the Crib."

Father D.—, now in the company of the disconsolate Angelina and the faithful Michael, proceeded to inspect the manger. Mike shuffled around, again catching the priest by the sleeve and whispering: "Sure, I remember at home, them that had donkeys

were all decent people, and far more honest than them that owned race-horses."

After this remark the worthy pastor was obliged to draw aside, chuckling to such a degree that it brought on a fit of coughing. That momentary indignation after all, was only a 'tempest-in-a-teapot.' And so, thoroughly appreciating the rich philosophy of Mike's astute remark, he moved toward the altar-rail to kneel and say a prayer.

Then Michael, following the example of the priest, made his way to a nearby pew. Turning his glance to the left he beheld a vision which instantly appealed to his imagination. 'Little angel of the parish' was making slow but sure progress down a side-aisle, somewhat handicapped by the weight of her coveted image (clasped lovingly to her breast) which had been tenderly placed there by the perplexed, but obedient, sacristan.

Shortly afterwards, out of the historic portal of old St. Patrick's Church, as the golden sun was setting and choir-boys were practising well-known Christmas hymns, came Michael Donnelly and Angelina Demaria. King reason had long reigned 'neath the snow-white locks of the one and was not about to abdicate; in the other, he was still in his minority, and Angelina was none the less discomfited by the fact that a regent held sway.

Out of the venerable edifice, tottering and

shuffling, proceeded old age and youth, hand in hand. Italian child escorted by a Gaelic veteran; bland innocence by hard experience, the one bouncing from the East as the other stumbles toward the West. These two, for the first and last time, awkwardly descend the steps where once trod Church dignitaries, saints, converts, brides, atheists, and many a poor 'Magdalene.'

Michael and his little 'Angel' were surely very happy, wending their way on feeble limbs towards home. Michael carried the miniature image—snugly wrapped in a tattered red sweater, by order of her Ladyship. At intervals the young girl kept exclaiming "Bambino meo santo," while her partner hummed an Irish jig, probably because he could not dance it.

The kindly 'soggart,' completing the unique affair, felt he was the happiest of the three. From his window above he smiled on the twain below. There he observed age in the two extremes, yet twins in thought and mentality. Watching their progress down the street he contemplated human events:—

"If thou canst sometimes cause the sun
To light a place where no joy dwells;
If thou canst lead some little one
With laughing face, to faery dells;
Then, all the wealth and all the laughter
Of God's whole earth are thine;
Then happiness will follow after;
On you his sun will shine."

CYNTHIA OF THE MINUTE

As fair as a damask dawn.
She is false, but oh, she is fair,
For only the gold of her hair
A Midas would willingly pawn
The power of a magical touch.

She is fair, but I love her too much,
For she is capricious and proud.
As she gives me her hand for a waltz
She flirts with a man in the crowd....
She is fair, but oh, she is false.

—ANSELM D. MILLER, '25

Beauty In Ash-Cans

JOSEPH WHELAN, '27

BEAUTY in ash-cans! Who would have thought it? Not I, for one. Before taking a college course in poetry I pictured all poets as being either dope-fiends who had been so near Hell that they could tell us all about it; or as sickly weak-minded men who were forever hearing birds twitter in the trees, no matter what the weather was. A little study changed my mind. Frankly, I was surprised to find that poets are real men, men in the true sense of the word. There was, as I have said, a time when I looked down on them and even pitied them in that they knew no better. Now I take the position of the penitent and look up to them with the greatest respect. They are the men who see life as it really is. They see not only the pleasant side but also the dark side, and see beauty in both. They discern grandeur not only in the magnificent things but in the rusty and simple things as well. As Father Lahey once said of Mr. O. O. McIntyre, "They dig up the gold around us that that we are standing on and yet miss."

Before I took up a study of poetry I had little or no appreciation for the art. Grey's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" had at times consoled me in my failures, and Edgar Guest had more than once stirred up my ambition, but outside of this I had little use for verse. I am inclined to think that this was probably due to the fact that I had not seen enough of the dark side of life to really appreciate the bright side. Not that I have seen a great part of the dark side in these last few months, but anyway I am beginning to take failure seriously. My first taste of poetry was anything but a

pleasant one. I was called upon to speak in school at a time when my perception of beauty went no further than mud-pies and when my ambition in life was directed toward being either a policeman or a fireman. Little room for appreciation at this stage! This first venture that I speak of certainly did nothing to elevate my ideals: as a jester I was a riot. I was even more strongly in favor of mud-pies than ever before.

This early prejudice remained with me. Christmas poems stirred me until I found that there wasn't any Santa Claus. "The Face on the Barroom Floor" or the "home-run-with-the-bases-loaded" type of verse never made any great impression on me, as they do on most youths. From the moment I heard of the lady who was known as Lou I knew she was a fake. I was for a long time immune to all poetry. I was without a doubt the poetry iconoclast.

It is never too late to repent, however. Perhaps I have lost a lot of things up to this time, but poetry may bring me back to them—who knows? I have anything but a real appreciation at the present time because I am still but a novice at mining the beauties that lie around me. But I am sure that the future will bring to the surface many healthy veins of ore which will make me wealthy in life, in this art of living which at times seems so difficult.

A college course in poetry has given me the necessary start, and I only hope that I may continue. The future really doesn't look as black as it did before, and I don't think life will be so hard to face after all. Beauty in ash-cans! I hope I can find it.



SPORT NEWS

Trackmen Go To Relays

Varsity trackmen will begin a hard campaign which will not end until the middle of June, when they engage in specialty and relay events to be held in connection with the annual Ohio and Kansas Relays Saturday. The Ohio events will be held in Ohio Stadium at Columbus while Memorial Stadium, Lawrence, Kansas will be the scene of the other meet.



DOLMAGE weather conditions the trials were held indoors.

At Columbus, Stack, Judge, Masterson and Collins will run in the two-mile relay; and McGauley, Lahey, Collins and Stack in the one-mile relay. The medley team will be made up of Coughlin in the quarter-mile; Masterson, half-mile; Judge, three-quarter-mile; and Young, one-mile. In the field events Notre Dame will be represented by Boland in the shot put, Carey in the high jump, Bov in the pole vault, and possibly Riley in the broad jump.

In the Kansas meet Notre Dame has entered a medley relay team composed of Della Maria, 220-yard dash; McKinney, quarter-mile; Nulty, half-mile and Dolmage, one-mile. Leon Moes will throw the javelin and Della Maria will run in the hundred-yard dash.

Mile relay, medley relay, and two-mile relay in addition to the hurdle and individual events will find Notre Dame entries fighting

hard for major honors. The fine supply of middle distance men on this year's squad assures Irish strength in all of the baton-passing events.

Built around such middle distance stars as Stack, Masterson, Nulty, Young, Judge and Lahey, the various relay teams that carry the Irish colors should be able to match strides with the best in collegiate competition.

Barron, varsity hurdler, will compete in the 120 yard timber topping event at one of the meets, but just what field he will enter was not known early in the week. Carey will likely enter the all-around competition at the Ohio games.

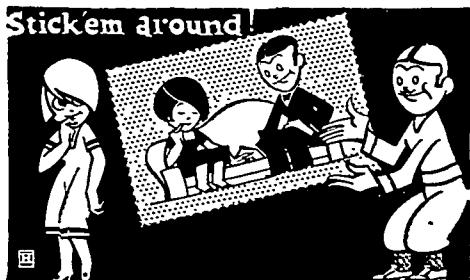
Loss of Captain Paul Harrington to the squad because of pulled tendons in his leg, will seriously handicap Notre Dame's chances for an almost certain first place in the pole vault. Harrington injured his leg during the recent Texas relays when he made a bad landing after easily clearing the bar at twelve feet in the qualifying jumps. Whether he will be in shape for the dual meets in May is problematical but it is reasonably certain that he will not be able to compete in the Drake or Pennsylvania relays, which take place on the following Saturday. The Irish captain tied for first in the pole vault at Penn last year.

In meeting the many college squads which are entered in the Ohio and Kansas relay events, Notre Dame trackmen will find themselves pitted against the cream of western and middle-western track stars. Although it is the first stiff outdoor competition of the year, a majority of the athletes entered will have been in good shape due to hard work on indoor tracks and a reasonable amount of outdoor toil.

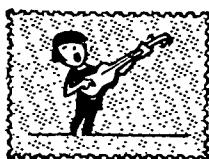
More than fifty colleges and universities

will be represented at the Ohio games and, with a similar number of high schools, will pour close to 800 athletes into Columbus for the big event. More than twenty-five events, including some twelve or fifteen relay races, are carded for Saturday.

Georgetown and Michigan, whose athletes made such a great fight for major honors last year, will again have strong teams entered. Ohio Wesleyan and Michigan State, cream of the college competition at last year's games are again entered as is Lakewood High of Cleveland, whose teams have always stood out in interscholastics.



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SUMMARY OF BASEBALL TRIP

If Kentucky Normal expected a victory from Notre Dame's visiting vanguard they received what one would think appropriate for the first day of April. Whether or not that was in the Colonel's heads does not matter specifically, for they did succumb to the belligerent bats of the Walsh-Keegan triple trio on the straggling end of a 5 to 2 score.

Captain Jim Silver's crew got under way in fine shape and showed real form in trouncing their first southern host. Ronay and Silver preyed on the weak spot in the Kentucky batting and turned in a great account of themselves. The team showed up very well on the field and worked together in good style.

The Irish initiated the scoring in the inaugural frame when they scurried across the rubber with two counters, when Silver's single brought Quinn and Farrell around the circuit. The counting was again taken up in the sixth when Crowley singled, stole second and came home on McCleary's two-ply clout. O'Boyle connected with the horsehide for a double in the seventh and this urged Farrell in for another run in that inning. The final tally came in the first of the ninth.

SHUT OUT, 8-0

Pitching excellent ball, Conn, pride of Georgia Tech's pitching staff, took the first one from the Keoganites to a 8-0 tune. Young Ed Walsh who managed the turret activities for Notre Dame was hit hard and consistently by the Georgia Tech sluggers. Dawes, going in as relief hurler, turned in a very good account of himself.

Brewer and Reeves were the satellites of the fray and pounded the horsehide with a vengeance in the curtain raiser of the series. Georgia Tech is considered as one of the best nines below the Mason and Dixon line and had scored a win over Auburn which is a high ranking team in the Southland.

Angley showed up well in supporting Conn and deserves special mention. McCleary, young Notre Dame short stop, continued his startling brilliance in this con-



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test although on the whole the Blue and Gold teamwork was ragged.

GEORGIA TECH 12, NOTRE DAME 4

Disregarding a four run lead piled up by the Celtic batsmen early in the game the Golden Tornado swept along to a 12 to 4 victory over their northern opponents. The Irish were held scoreless by the Georgians' pitching during the final eight innings of the contest. The game was lost to the Blue and Gold because of a plethora of errors of omissions and commission piled up by the Hibernians.

After a great start the Notre Dame infield began to look like a perforated page and the superior play of the Georgia Tech batsmen did the rest. The enemy pounded

out twelve hits to the six collected by the Blue and Gold.

The high points of the game were marked by Farrell's full circuit clout in the first with three men camped on the bags. Later in the fifth Frank Crowley made a brilliant running catch to retrieve Reeve's fly. The work of Reeves for Georgia Tech was the feature of the game.

Rust, a relief pitcher for Notre Dame, showed a lot of promise in whiffing four Georgia batsmen during his innings.

NOSED OUT, 7-6

After leading for eight frames, Notre Dame dropped a thriller to the University

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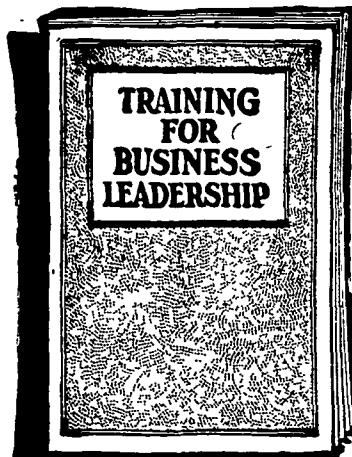
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test although on the whole the Blue and Gold teamwork was ragged.

GEORGIA TECH 12, NOTRE DAME 4

Disregarding a four run lead piled up by the Celtic batsmen early in the game the Golden Tornado swept along to a 12 to 4 victory over their northern opponents. The Irish were held scoreless by the Georgians' pitching during the final eight innings of the contest. The game was lost to the Blue and Gold because of a plethora of errors of omissions and commission piled up by the Hibernians.

After a great start the Notre Dame infield began to look like a perforated page and the superior play of the Georgia Tech batsmen did the rest. The enemy pounded

out twelve hits to the six collected by the Blue and Gold.

The high points of the game were marked by Farrell's full circuit clout in the first with three men camped on the bags. Later in the fifth Frank Crowley made a brilliant running catch to retrieve Reeve's fly. The work of Reeves for Georgia Tech was the feature of the game.

Rust, a relief pitcher for Notre Dame, showed a lot of promise in whiffing four Georgia batsmen during his innings.

NOSED OUT, 7-6

After leading for eight frames, Notre Dame dropped a thriller to the University

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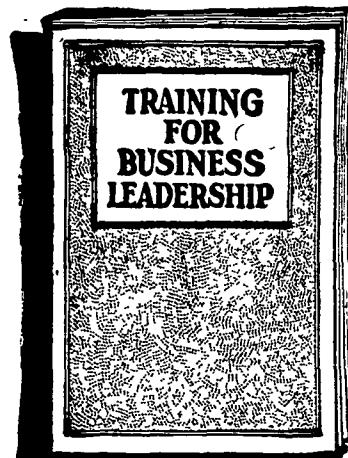
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of Georgia April 5 by a one run margin, 7 to 6. It was one of the games that the story tellers of our boyhood days tell about, but in this case the Notre Dame team happened to be on the wrong end of the tally.

Steve Ronay replaced Dawes in the eighth when that worthy seemed to be in a tight place after working like a big leaguer throughout the first part of the game. Things began to happen that made the Irish chances look slimmer. The score was knotted by the Bull-Dogs in the ninth necessitating the curtain call act that allowed the hosts to enjoy the day's activities.

The game was won when Pearson's throw to first on Morton's bunt went wide. Dawes then drove a liner to right but O'Boyle's peg kept Morton on third. Middlebrooks won the game with a single over second on which Morton scored.

The game was one of the fastest seen in Athens, Georgia, this year and was a thriller in every respect. Moore, Georgian center fielder, was the star of the game. He will

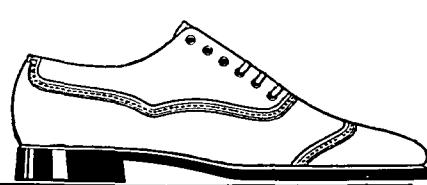
be especially remembered by the squad as the one who did the impossible in stopping.

TROUNCE GEORGIA, 5-2

After dropping three consecutive ball tilts, Notre Dame's sphere artists pulled into Athens, Georgia, for a two-game series with the University of Georgia nine and proceeded to split even, although they had the satisfaction of winning the first affair, 5 to 2.

Consistent stick work throughout the earlier part of the game and stealthy defensive tactics contributed to the victory of the Irish crew. After getting off to a brilliant start, the local nine put up a steady brand of defensive ball and not until the ninth inning did the southern crew score its two tallies.

The brilliant battery work of Red Smith and Elmer Besten was the feature of the game. Smith, who took Captain Jim Silver's position behind the bat because the latter was suffering from a split finger, played a neat game. Besten was in prime condi-

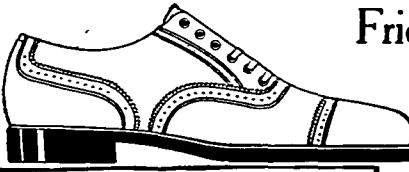


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tion and breezed through nine innings in almost faultless style. A heavy first inning in which three Irish runners came across the rubber was highly instrumental in the Notre Dame victory.

After holding his opponents safely for eight rounds, Besten weakened a bit in the ninth and contributed a single, a pass and a balk which aided materially in Georgia's scoring a pair of runs.

SHUT OUT BY MERCER, 3-0

Ability to err as many as four times and inability to hit more than four times cost the Notre Dame nine the first game of its two game series with Mercer, Wednesday, April 7. The Irish squad was shut out, 3 to 0.

Although Young Ed Walsh worked on the turret like a veteran, allowing but six hits, most of them scattered, his supporting cast was sadly off color and the Celt outfit sunk further into its hole of losing streaks.

Mercer started out in Irish style when they pulled two runners across the plate in the initial inning. Smith and Stapleton, of

Mercer, hit safely and the latter came home when Red Smith, Irish catcher, hurled wildly in an attempt to catch him off the bag.

For nine frames of toil the Celt nine opened up its bag of batting tricks fully, but could not find a one that would bluff Carson, Mercer hurler. The burly southerner bore down when danger threatened and only Red Smith solved his puzzling delivery. The husky Irish backstop smashed out three singles in four trips to the platter.

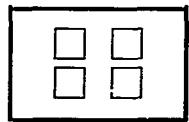
POUND MERCER FOR 14-9 WIN

Having dropped a tough one to Mercer on the day before, the slugging Irish stepped out of the rut in the final game of the Mercer series and poled out 20 safe hits among them being listed several extra base swats, and pulled a 14 to 9 victory.

Ronay, Notre Dame hurler, and Joiner, who worked on the mound for the southern college team, were victims of ambitious swatters of both teams, who totaled 33 safe blows during the afternoon's pastime.

It was the first game of the southern trip, in which the Irishmen managed to make

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offense and defense work smoothly and even though Mercer did make nine runs, the inner works of the Celt defense could afford to take things easy. Three bungles were chalked for the Walsh-Keegan combine but all were committed at inopportune times.

Harry O'Boyle's four blows in as many trips to the plate and Tom Farrell's quarter of safeties in five times at bat, were the bright spots of the game.

SOLDIERS WIN, 7-5

Persistency in booting the ball all over the infield whenever the opportunity presented itself lead the Notre Dame ball squad into deep water, Friday, April 9, and it dropped

first of the series to Fort Benning 7 to 5.

Fumbling and wild heaving, which too often marred the efforts of the Celt pass-timers bobbed up at frequent intervals in the tilt with the service men and were responsible for the loss.

On the offensive the proteges of Keegan and Walsh lived up to expectations but their work in the field was so far off color that the Fort Benning crew massed an attack toward the middle of the game and sewed things up.

Many an ill temper has resulted from cold suppers.—W.J.R.

GOLF STARTS

Now that the last lingering shadows of winter have departed and most of us are recovering from a cold or some such ailment, several agile sportsters have developed the "hoof and mouth disease": they walk all day and talk all night. In other words, they have taken up golf. At Notre Dame at least there are about 20 men in all who believe that the world has an opening for them. And it will be after thirty-six of such holes have been played that the final squad of eight prairie-marble pursuers will be chosen. The final qualifying round will be held at the municipal course tomorrow in preparation for the first game of the season with Northwestern University on April 24.

The men are to be coached by Roy Robertson, a professional golfer. Mr. Robertson is a well known golfer of South Bend who has offered to show the team some of the fine points of the game gratis. The outfit will have use of the Erskine links.

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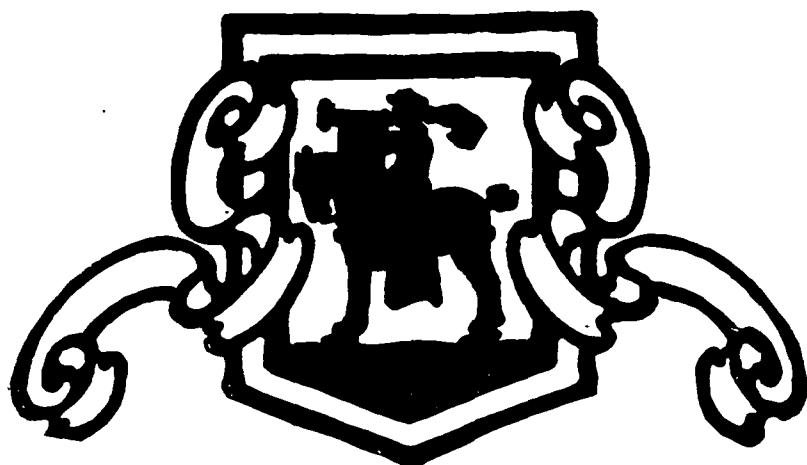
The big excitement here is how the baseball team and Mr. McCleary enjoyed southern hospitality and a second time saved Georgia to the Union. Also the hard chore ahead of the upper classmen, as they call them, who are fuming and sweating over their theses. They have our sympathy, and we're glad we don't have to read their stuff. And it is right here a big problem confronts N. D. a Lacu which is not causing any worry except to a couple of advanced thinkers like Mr. Paul Byrne and T. D. Because it is a well known axiom that if you habitually take out and never put in you reach bottom. For example, the lake, which would be as dry as Chicago by now only for the new well. Or suppose you keep taking out of a bottle—any bottle—and never put in, the bottle will be empty in a little while. Won't it?

Now it is the same with the University library. If year after year senior classes, debaters, Dante students, cribbers, plagiarists, literary bootleggers, essay sharks, embezzlers and—in summer school—pretty larceny co-eds—take out knowledge, learning, education and put nothing in, the library will be empty after awhile. Won't it?

And the remedy? Dig intellectual wells. Furnish supply to meet demand. Set the Faculty to work. Let the professors, associate professors, etc., present a united front, as they say, bore shafts that will contribute supply tanks for this intellectual reservoir. Let every man alphabetically, beginning with Ackerman and ending with Wooten, write one book a year. This should furnish intellectual draughtage for all the E. S. B. and such adjacent cultural centers as Roselawn, Meadowbrook and Rolling Prairie. Besides it will silence for a time some of our well-wishing critics who say our professors have no scholarship, they having to act as cheerleaders and rubbers during the football semester in order to keep the fight in the fighting Irish. Think all this over by yourself. Do it now. Don't leave it to George. George is leaving it to you. * * *

Tuesday evening of this week the Rev Thomas A. Leahy spoke before the Knights of Columbus at a largely attended meeting. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that Father Leahy had to address the brother knights so soon after the eloquence of Irish night. Father Leahy did as well as could be expected. * * *

Owing to the rush of business following the mid-year examinations the headquarters of the Welfare Department are temporarily occupied by the Farewell Department.



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